Home, Sweet Home

1. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to halloow us there, Which, seek thru the world, is never met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; O give me my lowly thatched cottage again—The birds singing gaily that came at my call, And give me the peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, there's no place like home.

Words: John Howard Payne
Music: Henry R. Bishop

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